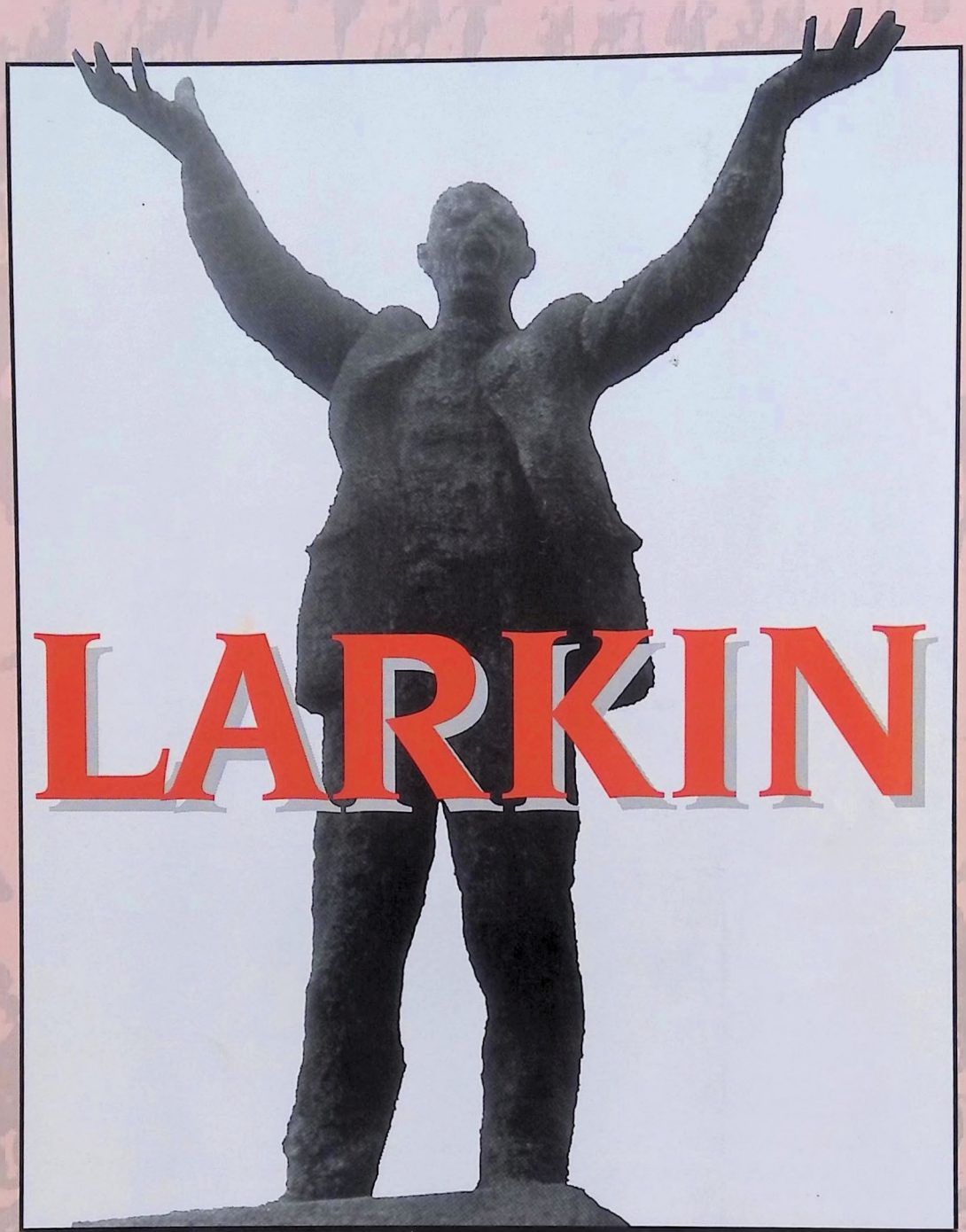

The great appear great because we are on our knees. Let us rise.
Ní uasal aon uasal ach sinne bheith íseal: éirimís!
Les grands ne sont grands que parce que nous sommes à genoux: Levons-nous!

LARKIN MONUMENT
O'Connell Street, Dublin

The statue of James Larkin by Oisín Kelly (1915-1981) was unveiled by the President of Ireland, Dr. Patrick J. Hillery, on June 15, 1979.

Larkin Fiftieth Anniversary Commemoration Lecture

JAMES LARKIN
Labour Leader

Dr. Emmet Larkin

Professor of British and Irish History, University of Chicago

Connolly Auditorium, Liberty Hall, Dublin, January 30, 1997

Professor Emmet Larkin's major works include:

- *James Larkin: Irish Labour Leader* (1965);
- *The Roman Catholic Church and the Creation of the Modern Irish State* 1878-1885 (1975);
- *The Historical Dimension of Irish Catholicism* (1976);
- *The Roman Catholic Church and the Home Rule Movement in Ireland* 1870-1874 (1990);
- *The Roman Catholic Church and the Emergence of the Modern Irish Political System* 1874-1878 (1996).

SIPTU

Larkin 50th Anniversary Commemoration Committee

Chair: Jack Harte
Secretary: Tom Dunne

W. A. Attley, Francis Devine, Tom Geraghty, Des Mahon, Theresa Moriarty, Dónal Nevin, Manus O'Riordan, Jim Quinn, Séamas Sheils

Salute to Big Jim was devised by Dónal Nevin and arranged by Tom Dunne, Dónal Nevin and Manus O'Riordan.

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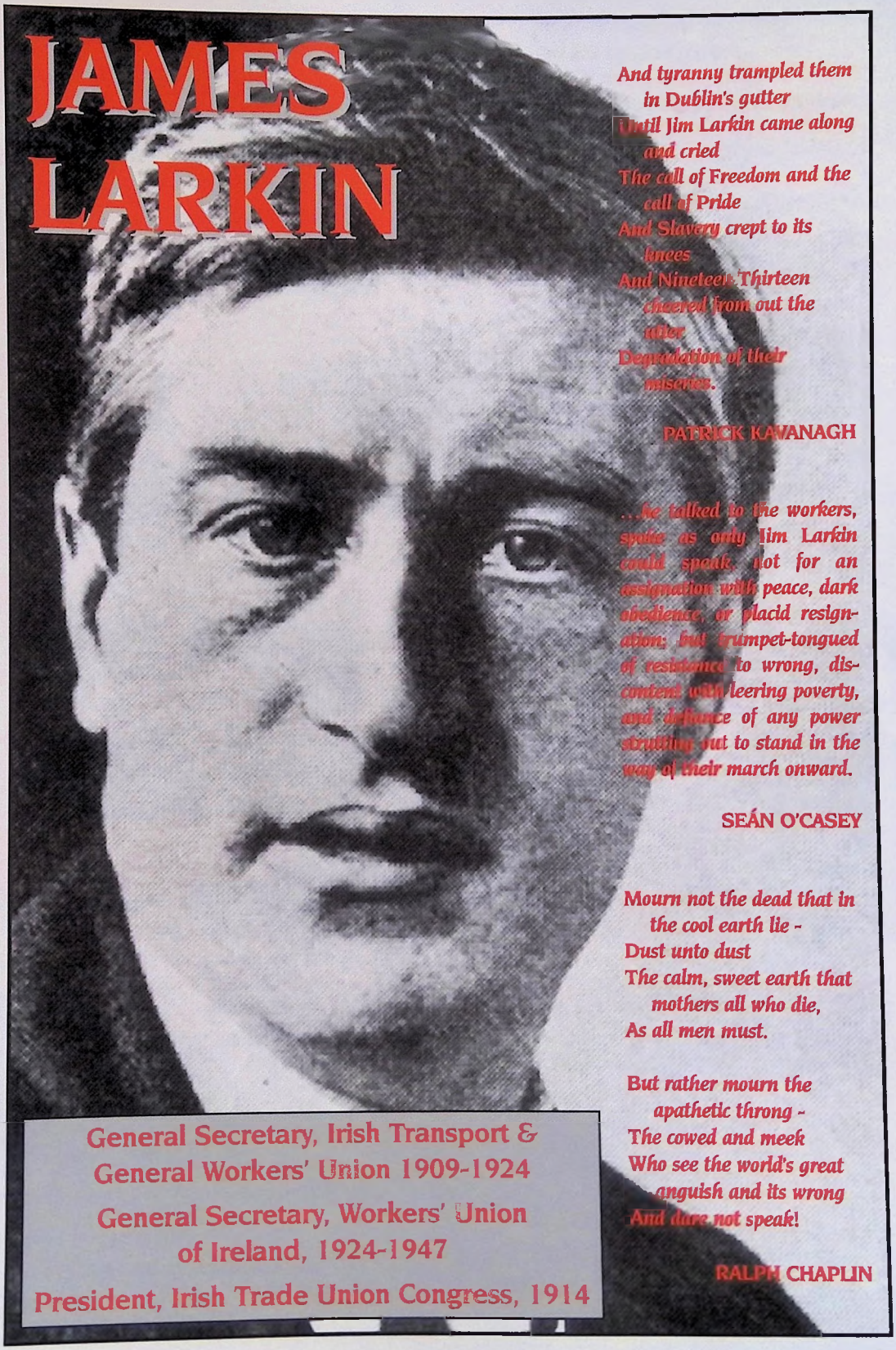
JAMES LARKIN



And tyranny trampled them
in Dublin's gutter
Until Jim Larkin came along
and cried
The call of Freedom and the
call of Pride
And Slavery crept to its
knees
And Nineteen Thirteen
cheered from out the
utter
Degradation of their
miseries.

PATRICK KAVANAGH

...he talked to the workers, spoke as only Jim Larkin could speak, not for an assignation with peace, dark obedience, or placid resignation; but trumpet-tongued of resistance to wrong, discontent with leering poverty, and defiance of any power strutting out to stand in the way of their march onward.

SEÁN O'CASEY

Mourn not the dead that in
the cool earth lie -
Dust unto dust
The calm, sweet earth that
mothers all who die,
As all men must.

But rather mourn the
apathetic throng -
The cowed and meek
Who see the world's great
anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

RALPH CHAPLIN

General Secretary, Irish Transport & General Workers' Union 1909-1924

General Secretary, Workers' Union of Ireland, 1924-1947

President, Irish Trade Union Congress, 1914

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Song of the Hebrew Slaves
From Act 3 of 'Nabucco' (1842)
Recorded by the German State Opera, Berlin

Eugene Pottier
L'Internationale
Music by Pierre Degeyter. Original French version
Recorded by Marc Ogeret

James Larkin (1874-1947)
We are living in stirring times
From editorial in Irish Worker, *12 August 1911*
Read by Emmet Bergin

Seán O'Casey (1880-1964)
Through the streets he strode...
From Drums under the Window (1945)
Read by Brendan Cauldwell

John Swift (1896-1990)
Then came Larkin...
From the Presidential Address to 53rd Annual Meeting of the Irish Trade Union Congress, 29 July 1947
Read by Francis Devine

Donagh MacDonagh (1912-1968)
In Dublin City in 1913
(*Air: Preab san Ól*).
Sung by Jimmy Kelly

James Larkin
Christ will not be crucified any longer in Dublin by these men
From speech to the Askwith Court of Enquiry, Dublin Castle, 5 October 1913
Read by Emmet Bergin

'Macha'
Who Fears to Wear the Blood Red Badge?
Published in Irish Worker, *11 October 1913*
Sung by Jimmy Kelly
(The ITGWU badge in 1913 was the Red Hand of Ulster)

AE (George Russell) (1867-1935)
Humanity, long dumb, has found a voice
From speech in Albert Hall, London, 1 November 1913
Read by Paul Bennett

SALUTE TO BIG JIM

A celebration in poetry, prose, music and song

Ruairí Dall Ó Catháin
Tabhair dom do lámh (Give me your hand)
Harp solo by Brenda Ní Ríordáin

James Connolly (1868-1916)
Glorious Dublin
From articles in Forward (*Glasgow*), *4 October 1913 and* Irish Worker, *18 November 1914*
Read by Francis Devine

James Larkin
Though dead in flesh, he liveth among us
From Address at the Memorial Service for Joe Hill, West Side Auditorium, Chicago, 25 November 1915
Read by Emmet Bergin

Alfred Hayes
I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Music by Earl Robinson
Recorded by Paul Robeson

James Larkin
And then I had occasion to go out in the world and found there was no fatherhood of God, and there was no brotherhood of man
From court transcript of speech to the jury at his trial before the Supreme Court of New York, 23 April 1920
Read by Emmet Bergin

Lola Ridge (1871-1941)
To Jim Larkin
Read by Mary Maher

Frank O'Connor (1903-1966)
Homage to Jim Larkin
First published in The Irish Times, *9 December 1944*
Set to music and sung by Manus O'Riordan

Seán O'Casey
The Lion will Roar no More
From The Irish Times, *31 January and 1 February 1947*
Read by Brendan Cauldwell

Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738)
Farewell to Music
Harp solo by Brenda Ní Ríordáin

Patrick Kavanagh (1905-1967)
Jim Larkin
First published in The Bell, *March 1947*
Read by MacDara Woods

Liam MacGabhann
Big Jim Crosses the City
From article in The Irish Press, *5 February 1947*
Read by Kevin O'Connor

Anonymous
Jim Larkin R.I.P.
Sung by Manus O'Riordan
(This street ballad was sold in Dublin on the day of Larkin's funeral)

Breandán Ó Beacháin (Brendan Behan)
(1923-1964)
Jim Larkin
First published in Comhar, *March 1947*
Read with English translation by Manus O'Riordan

Jim Connell (1852-1929)
The Red Flag
(*Air: Tannenbaum*).
Recorded by Kathleen Behan – aged 92 – in 1981

James Connolly
The Watchword of Labour
Music by J. J. Hughes
First published in Irish Worker, *6 December 1913*
Performed by the SIPTU Band

Peadar Kearney
Amhrán na bhFiann – The National Anthem
Performed by the SIPTU Band

Homage to Jim Larkin

Frank O'Connor

Roll away the stone, Lord, roll away the stone
As you did when last I died in the attic room;
Then there was no fire as well, and I died of cold
While Jim Larkin walked the streets before he grew old.

Larkin was a young man then, all skin and bone;
Larkin had a madman's eyes, I saw them through the stone;
Larkin had a madman's voice, I don't know what he said,
I just heard screeches ringing in my head.

Something screeched within my head as in an empty room'
I felt the lightning of the pain run through every bone;
I couldn't even scream, Lord, I just sobbed with pain;
I didn't want to live, Lord, and turned to sleep again.

But with the screeches in my head I couldn't settle right,
At last I scrambled to my knees and turned to the light;
Then I heard the words he spoke, and down crashed the stone
There was I with blind man's eyes, gaping at the sun.

Things are much the same again, damn the thing to eat;
Not a bloody fag since noon and such a price for meat;
Not a bit of fire at home all the livelong day -
Roll the stone away, Lord, roll the stone away!

First published in the Irish Times, December 9, 1944, this poem was recited by Harry Craig, Assistant Editor of The Bell, *at the first Larkin Memorial Meeting and Concert which was held in the Olympia Theatre, Dublin on February 1, 1948.*

The Watchword of Labour

James Connolly

Oh! hear ye the Watchword of Labour
The slogan of they who'd be free,
That no more to any enslaver
Must labour bend suppliant knee,
That we, on whose shoulders are borne
The pomp and the pride of the great,
Whose toil they repay with their scorn,
Must challenge and master our fate.

Chorus
Then send it aloft on the breeze, boys,
The slogan the grandest we've known,
That Labour must rise from its knees, boys,
And claim the broad earth as its own.

Oh, we who've oft won by our valour,
Empires for our rulers and lords,
Yet kneel in abasement and squalor
To the thing we've made by our swords.
Now valour with worth will be blending,
When answering labour's command,
We arise from our knees and ascending
To manhood for freedom take stand.

Chorus

Then out from the field and the factories,
From workshop, from mill and from mine,
Despising their wrath and their pity,
We workers are moving in line,
To answer the Watchword and token,
That Labour gives forth as its own,
Nor pause till our fetters we've broken
And conquered the spoiler and drone.

Chorus

To Larkin

Lola Ridge

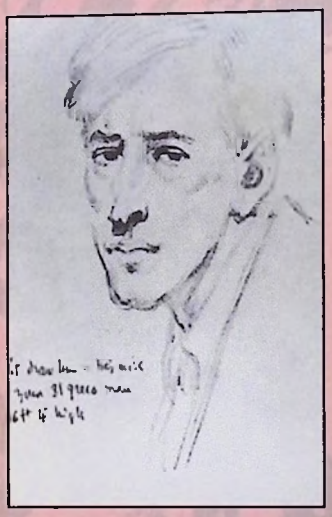
Is it you I see go by the window,
Jim Larkin - you not looking
at me or anyone,
And your shadow swaying from
East to West?
Strange that you should be
walking free - you shut down
without light,
And your legs tied up with a
knot of iron.

One hundred million men and
women go inevitably about
their affairs,
In the somnolent way
Of men before a great drunken-
ness…
They do no see you go by their
windows, Jim Larkin,
With your eyes bloody as the
sunset
And your shadow gaunt upon the
sky…
You, and the like of you, that life
Is crushing for their frantic wines.

Lola Ridge was born in Dublin in 1871 and went to America from Australia in 1907. Her first volume of poems, The Ghetto, was published in 1918. The consistent theme of her poetry was the martyrdom of the downtrodden.

In an editorial on Larkin's deportation in April 1923, The National (New York), quoted lines from Lola Ridge's poem and said of Larkin:

"There is a genuine bigness of soul behind his bigness of body. He is one of those rare things - a born leader of men, with a sense of the pain of life. Lola Ridge understood the man."



.....*Top left:* Head of Jim Larkin by American artist, Mina Carney (Hugh Lane Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin).

Above: Drawings of Larkin in Liberty Hall, Dublin, in 1913 by William Orpen from 'Stories of Old Ireland and Myself' by Sir William Orpen (1924), and from William Orpen Centenary Exhibition Catalogue, National Gallery of Ireland (1978).

Left: Drawing of Larkin by Seán Keating RHA, 1946. (Liberty Hall, Dublin).

Far left: Drawing of Larkin by Seán O'Sullivan RHA, 1942. (National Gallery of Ireland).